Mar-Martin.

I Knowe not why a fruteleſſe lye in Print;
May not aſwell with modeſtie be touched
As truthleſſe Proſe, ſince neither hath his ſtint,
And others dooings cannot be auouched:
Then if both Rime and Proſe impugne the troth,
How lyke you him, lykes neyther of them both.

Our Prelats(*Martin* ſayth) want skill and reaſon,
Our Martiniſts *Mar-martine* tearmeth aſſes,
The one an other doth accuſe of treaſon,
He paſſeth beſt that by the gallowes paſſes.
Traytor, no Traytor, heeres ſuch Traytrous ſtriuing,
That Romiſh Traytors now are ſet a thriuing.

Whileſt *England* falles a makening and marring,
Religion feares an vtter ouerthrowe,
Whilſt we at home amongſt our ſelues are iarring,
Thoſe ſeedes takes roote, which forrayne ſeedmen ſowe:
If this be true, as true it is for certayne,
Wo woorth Martin Mar-Prelat, *and* Mar-Martin.

MAR-MARTIN.

IN Whitſon euen laſt at night,
I dreaming ſaw a prettie ſight,
Three Monſters in a halter tyde,
And one before who ſeemd their guide.
This foremoſt lookt and lookt agayne,
As if he had not all his trayne.
With that I aſkt this gaping man
His name: my name (quoth he) is Lucyan,
This is a Ieſuite (quoth he)
This Martin and Mar-Martin be,
I ſeeke but now for Machevell,
And roundly then we goe to Hell.

Two Bookes vpon a Table lay,
For which two yonkers went to play,
They tript a Dye and thus did make,
Who thewe the moſt ſhould both Bookes take.
He that had Martin flang the firſt,
An aſſe it was, which was the wooꝛſt.
Mar-Martins maiſter in the haſte,
Hopt then to hit a better caſt,
And yet as cunning as he was,
He could not flyng aboue an aſſe.
To geather by the eares they goe,
Which of the aſſes got the throwe,
The firſt vpon his aſſe would ſtand,
He wan it by the elder hand.
Tuſh quoth the ſecond that no matter,

Mine was an alle though twere the latter,
And turning back, he shake to me,
Who all this while this sport did see,
Ist not a wonder, say of loue,
That none of vs should flyng aboue?
No quoth I it were a wonder
If eyther of you two had thrown vnder.

What sons? what fathers? sons and fathers fighting?
Alas our welfare, and alas our health,
What motes, what beames, & both displayd in writing:
Alas the Church, alas the common wealth.
What at this time? what vnder such a Queene?
Alas that still our frute should be so greene.

What wanton Calues? what lost our former loue?
Alas our pride, alas our mutabilitie,
What Christ at oddes? what serpents ner aboue?
Alas our rage, alas our inhumilitie.
What bitter tau[illegible]s, what lyes in stead of preaching,
Alas our healeh, alas our neede of teaching.

Beare gratious Soueraigne, *Europs* matchles mirror,
Beare noble Lords renowmed counsell geuers,
Beare Cleargie men, for yours is all the error,
Beare common people, common light beleeuers.
Beare ioyntly one anothers weakenesse so,
That though we wither, yet the Church may growe.

If all be true that Lawyers say,
The second blowe doth make the fray,
Mar-Mrtins fault can be no lesse
Then Martins was that make the peace.
Martin, Mar-Martine, Barrowe and Browne,
All helpe to pull Religion downe.

FINIS.